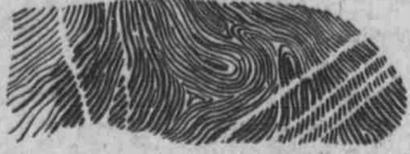


Newest Exploits of the Scientific Detectives



The Tell-Tale Typical Violinist Marks on the Thumb-Print That Enabled the Criminologist to Demolish the Baroness's Subterfuge.

A New Series of Remarkable Articles Telling How the Most Baffling Mysteries of Crime Are Solved by the Up-to-Date Criminologists

SOME months ago this newspaper published a series of remarkable articles which detailed, in the form of actual cases, the astonishing work of the scientific detectives of Europe. In response to the many requests received for more of these cases, a second series has been begun which promises to be even more absorbing than the first. It is of one of these men whose work is being told that W. J. Burns, the famous American detective, wrote during the first series: "I am making a conservative statement when I say that the actual application in real life in detective work of the methods of Professor Reiss, of the University of Lausanne; Professor Gross, of Germany, and others is more bewildering to the uninformed than any of the imaginative detective work of Sherlock Holmes."



"I am afraid, Baron," he said, "that I cannot go on without troubling the Baroness. Will you send one of the servants to her, and ask her to come here?"

"The Baroness," he husband said, "has gone out. She had had an appointment to visit a sick friend, whom she had promised some books, and she was so intensely excited by what had occurred that I thought the air would do her good."

The criminologist's eyes fell upon a window box. He examined it, took from it some earth and under his glass compared it with some he had found on the carpet of the room.

"Can I see the Baroness's signature?" he asked. The Baron brought in some letters, and the scientist compared these with the piece of paper he had found.

"Baron," he said abruptly, "I am forced to ask a delicate question. Do you and your wife live happily together?"

The nobleman flushed. He began to stammer. He was a very handsome young man, and his embarrassment did not ill become him. He admitted finally that the first years of their marriage had been made miserable by his wife's jealousy. Six months since, however, after a long talk with her, during which she had promised to overcome her foolish jealousy, things had suddenly changed entirely, and jealousy seemed gone. They were perfectly happy now.

"Let us go downstairs," said Dr. Brunelschi. "I wish to be in the hall when your wife returns."

The footman had just opened the door, as the two men descended, to admit the Baroness.

When Dr. Brunelschi, the Baron and his wife were all alone he said:

"Baroness, I am going to make you very very angry—at first. In the end you will forgive me."

"About six months ago you visited a Madame Robina, a hypnotist. You had her hypnotize you repeatedly, giving you the suggestion to overcome your insane jealousy of your husband. She succeeded in doing this. You paid her liberally, without a doubt, but I am afraid you made the mistake of giving her a check. She thus procured your signature, and you were staggered when she recently wrote you that you had given her a note for \$100,000. She sent you a photograph of this alleged note. You were in despair because you desired above everything not to let him know what measures you had embraced to cure yourself of your jealousy."

"In your despair you decided to steal your own necklace. You never could get the safe open, so you availed yourself of his absence, a few weeks ago, to take it to a jeweler's and have a paste necklace made."

"But before you could substitute the paste jewels, the real necklace was again locked in

the safe. Your opportunity to change it came this morning when the Baron again forgot to lock it up.

"Love, Baroness, and desperation had sharpened your wits so that you were almost criminally ingenious in covering your tracks—but being an honest woman you could not help betraying yourself into absurdities. You thought that you must leave finger prints about, because you knew an investigation would be made, and you had read of such prints. You supplied them by tracing a thumb print you found printed in a magazine upon the door knob with carbon paper!"

"How on earth do you know that?" cried the weeping lady.

"A man whose fingers were so grimy as the print showed," answered the criminologist, "could not have avoided leaving similar marks on the drawer. But there were none there. Besides, the thumb is that of a violinist's left hand. There are little callous lines, caused by fingering the strings, which you also faithfully copied. I happen to recognize them as belonging to Kubelik. Manifestly, my dear lady, Kubelik is out of the question."

"Again—there is the mystery of the foot-prints. They are wonderful, muddy impressions which start at the side of your bed, go to your bureau, and end abruptly at your own door. How, my dear lady, did you imagine the burglar got in your room and out again? But beside the prints of the large shoes at the side of your bed are those of your own little feet. You put them on there after watering the earth in the window box and rubbing them with it. That window box also served to bury the veronal which you did not take. No one could swallow ten grains of veronal at 6 in the morning, and be up and about before 9."

"There remains only to learn whether your signature to the check is genuine or forged. Madame Robina, of course, did not send you the original note. And the photograph I found in the bureau is too indistinct to admit of certainty. But I think the signature is yours. However, that does not matter. Even if it is yours, the note is not valid if your signature was obtained under false pretense."

The Baroness's face was crimson with humiliation.

"I cannot remember," she said, "whether I signed it or not. If I did sign it, I must have done so while in the hypnotic state."

Dr. Brunelschi asked permission to hypnotize her at once, to settle the matter conclusively then and there. She consented. Holding a prism of glass in the air before her eyes, and a little above her head, he induced the cataleptic state within a few minutes, and then, at his command, his patient reconstructed the whole forgotten episode. She related all her movements while under the influence of Madame Robina, showing that she had signed the note while in the hypnotic trance induced by the "jealousy extractor!"

Dr. Brunelschi awakened the Baroness, and then explained to her and to her husband that the subjective mind, which completely dominates any one in the hypnotic state, has a perfect memory. It forgets nothing. One may suggest to it that when the objective mind regains control, the latter shall remember nothing of what has happened in the hypnotic condition. It will accept the suggestion, and act upon it, cutting out all recollection of what it has been told to forget.

"But you cannot," said the criminologist, "with equal success, suggest to the subjective mind a similar forgetfulness as far as itself is concerned. On the other hand, the subjective mind has no reasoning faculty. It accepts as absolute truth whatever it is told. Thus, when Madame Robina suggested that the signing of the note was a joke, the Baroness believed her implicitly. Thus, also, she—the normal mind—forgot what had happened during the trance. We had to bring forward the subjective mind again to learn what had happened."

Relying upon these few salient facts which underlie all hypnotic phenomena, Dr. Brunelschi had elicited the information he wanted.

Madame Robina was arrested for her brazen attempt to mulct the Baroness, but, at the lady's request, her husband allowed her suit against her to drop. The Baroness did not want all Rome to know the nature of her hypnotic treatment for "jealousy extraction."



The Baroness slipped a huge pair of shoes over her own pretty little feet.

"By exactly the same means which the 'Jealousy Extractor' had used to get the hypnotized Baroness to sign the note, the scientific detective unlocked the door of the victim's subconscious mind and forced her to reconstruct the whole forgotten episode."

The Jealousy Extractor

How the Famous Dr. Brunelschi Discovered that the Little Baroness Had Stolen Her Own Diamonds to Keep Quiet a Blackmailing Hypnotist.

EARLY on the morning of February 18 the famous Doctor Brunelschi, one of the leading Italian criminologists, was called up in his apartments at Rome. The Baron Vanatorio, one of the great Roman noblemen, was at the other end of the wire.

"The Baroness's diamond necklace has been stolen!" he cried. "Will you come at once?"

"Where was it kept?" asked the criminologist.

"In a safe in her bedroom," answered the Baron.

"Have nothing at all disturbed and allow no one to enter the room until I get there," commanded Dr. Brunelschi.

"I have already given orders to that effect and locked the room," answered the Baron.

"Good," said Dr. Brunelschi, hanging up the phone. In a few minutes he was entering the Vanatorio palace. He was met by the Baron in a high state of excitement.

"It is the famous Vanatorio necklace that is gone!" cried the Baron. "It is valued at \$150,000, but its family associations are invaluable. Look left this in its place." He thrust a hand into a pocket and drew out a marvelous necklace, glittering and shooting forth sparks of light. "It's paste," he said, "and an almost perfect imitation."

Dr. Brunelschi examined the substitute closely.

"When did you discover the robbery?" he asked.

"The gems must have been taken between 4:30 this morning and 11 o'clock," said the Baron. "The Baroness wore them last night at the ball of the French embassy. We returned home at 4 o'clock, chattered until 4:30 and then went to our own rooms. Usually I lock the necklace away at once in the safe in the Baroness's room, but several times lately I have omitted to do so. When I met my wife in her room this morning she asked me to lock the necklace away and it was then that I discovered the substitution."

"Did you take the necklace out of the safe yourself last night before the Baroness wore it?"

"Yes."

"Has anyone else the combination of the safe?"

"Only my wife."

"You say that on previous occasions you omitted to lock it away at once. Was the necklace ever out of the safe for more than twenty-four hours at a time?"

"I do not remember. But, yes"—he interrupted himself—"certainly, about a fortnight ago, I was called away early one day. My wife had worn the necklace the evening before and I had forgotten to lock it up. It was out of the safe for two days then."

"Why, if the Baroness has the combination of the safe, did she not think to lock it up?"

The Baron laughed.

"When I say she has the combination, I mean she knows it. Once or twice, to tease her, I tried to get her to open the safe. But after fumbling with it for more than half an hour she admitted that she was unable to do so."

Dr. Brunelschi asked to be taken to the Baroness's boudoir. He stopped at the threshold and through his glass examined minutely the edges of the door and the knob. Getting down on his hands and knees he began a systematic travel from side to side of the room, examining each inch of floor and rug as he did so. He stopped for many minutes beside the bed of the Baroness and was evidently much interested with what he found on the rug beside it. From there he crawled to a bureau, apparently following a line of footsteps imperceptible to the Baron. Then he crawled from the bureau to the door and after a few seconds crawled back again to the bedside. He had described on his hands and knees a triangle between bed, bureau and door.

Abruptly he stood up and began to examine the bureau.

"The necklace, I imagine, was in one of the drawers," he said.

"Yes," answered the Baron. "This one. It was locked."

Dr. Brunelschi examined the scratches and indentations where the drawer had been forced open with minuteness.

"I shall know the instrument that was used to force the drawer at once," he said. "It was a small screw driver with a part of the edge broken off. But why a famous violinist who wears a number eight and a half shoe, wears them full of mud on a clear, bright night, has enough carbon on his fingers to be a pencil maker and apparently appears and disappears out of thin air in this room should use such an instrument is extraordinary."

He turned a quizzical glance at his host.

"I never heard of such a combination," gasped the Baron.

"Neither did I," said the criminologist, "yet that is what the search shows so far—and something else."

But he resolutely refused to tell what that something else was. A bit of paper caught his eye. Opening it, he demanded to know what medicine the Baroness was in the habit of taking.

"Veronal, 10 grains, when she cannot sleep, she took it this morning. That is why she heard nothing," said Baron Vanatorio.

Dr. Brunelschi touched his tongue to the paper, and then placed the paper in his pocket. With his microscope he examined the white stuff in which the necklace had lain, before opening it. As he lifted the case an unmounted photograph, to which a piece of paper was pinned, fluttered to the floor. Dr. Brunelschi stooped to pick it up, and uttered an exclamation of pleased surprise.

What! Women Are Becoming Tenors Just Because They Want to Vote Like Men?

THE ardent practice of the tango, the pursuit of business and the striving for the vote are continuing to give women deeper, harsher and more powerful voices than they used to have.

Carefully trained scientific observers state that these things are actually happening. By the time woman gets the vote, it is said, it will be difficult to distinguish her voice from a man's. The high clear woman's voice that thrilled a man to the innermost depths of his being in other days will be heard no more. In its place will be the dull monotonous drone of the ordinary business man.

A distinguished European and a New York physician, both expert students of the human voice, have observed these interesting facts. The immediate occasion for calling attention to them was the remarkable voice of Miss Ruby Helder, a beautiful young English concert singer.

Miss Helder is a tenor. She is the only woman tenor in the world, it is believed. The experts declare that she has the female voice of the future, the voice that will be developed by woman through her fierce fight for equality with man, her energetic participation in novel dances and sports and her absorption in business.

It was Dr. Heinrich Feldler, physician to the court singers of Berlin, who first perceived that women's voices were changing, and pointed out that Miss Helder's organ was an example of the development many of them would eventually attain.

According to this authority, the change in the female voice was first psychological, then physiological. Business and professional life in which women have in recent years been associated with men has developed in them that hard, matter-of-fact air and control of emotion which naturally call for a lower register of voice. Business conditions are causing her to lead a less emotional life. The voice to a great extent is a product of the mind. As the character of the thoughts changes the character of the voice changes. The low voice is the expression of the physical nature, the high voice of the spiritual and mental. This is a material age and the voice of women is in correspondence with the age.

The physiological explanation begins with the statement that woman's vocal cords are becoming thicker. This is a reflex of her athletic life and the great output of her energies in whatever form she employs them, whether at golf or in a gymnasium, tansing or tennis. The doctor then explains that woman is developing a new



type of jaw. It is pointed out that Miss Helder has in comparison with the size of her rather frail little body an enormous jaw. Her lower jaw measures five inches from the farthest back to the front point of the jaw. The jaws of most women were about three inches between these points. Latterly their jaws have been growing larger, the dimensions commonly being three to four inches.

With a deeper voice woman needs a larger jaw in order to talk as efficiently as before. For three years Miss Helder's rich tenor voice amazed London and the Continental cities she visited.

Her teacher, the noted George Santley, said the young woman with the tenor voice profoundly puzzled him, but her voice was perfectly natural to her.

"She is simply a herald of the coming voice of woman," explained Dr. Feldler. "She has arrived ahead of time. That is all. Modern conditions are transforming the voice of women. We have in Fraulein Helder the completed voice. In the women about us voices are in the making. Women of the future will have tenor voices. The soprano voice, like the blonda, is doomed."

Miss Ruby Helder recently crossed the Atlantic at the invitation of Mrs. August Belmont. She came to sing at a musical at Mrs. Belmont's home. While on her brief visit to this country her vocal mechanism was examined by a New York physician, who makes a specialty of treating singers' voices.

He agreed with Dr. Feldler as to the masculine tendency of the modern woman's voice.

"Miss Helder has naturally a man's voice, and a very fine one," said the expert.

"Her jaw is very large. The upper lip is extremely prominent and the bridge of the nose high. I test the capacity of mouths by the amount of water they will contain. Miss Helder's contained four and a half ounces, the ultimate capacity. Examining her throat revealed a very large palate and extraordinarily strong walls of the mouth chamber. Her palate and throat are like that of Caruso, so large and strong that looking into them I thought of the interior of a Gothic cathedral."

"While her voice is a remarkably strong and musical tenor and she is the only living woman tenor, her gift may be regarded as an indication of the trend of the feminine voice-to-day. Women's voices are lower than they used to be, and less musical."

Miss Ruby Helder, Who Sings with a Fine Manly Tenor Voice.